

# Saucelito Weekly Herald.

VOL. 2.

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## Saucelito Weekly Herald.

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AT SAUCELITO, MARIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA  
T. P. WOODWARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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time, \$1.00, or \$2.50 per month.

### AGENTS OF THE HERALD.

The following gentlemen will act as Agents of this paper:  
A. F. Thomas ..... San Rafael  
W. Dutton ..... Tomales  
Benton & Co. ..... Bolinas  
Wm. Friedlander ..... Olema  
E. Packman ..... Nicasio

SAUCELITO, Saturday, April 19,

### THE RAILROAD AT SAUCELITO.

We have long waited for the railroad at Saucelito, and at last it has come. On the 12th inst., the construction of the North Pacific Coast Railroad to run from our town by way of San Rafael to Wadella river, a distance of 140 miles, was commenced and celebrated with appropriate festivities here. Eight hundred men had been at work for a month previously, north of Strawberry Point, so that the beginning was not confined to speeches, music, dancing and drinking champagne, as such affairs sometimes are. The President of the road, in his remarks, said that 1600 men will be employed by the middle of May; that the cars will run from Saucelito to San Rafael within four months, that he hoped the whole road would be completed before September, 1874, and there will be freight for at least six lumber trains daily, and that the company has a subsidy of \$160,000 from Marin County.

These statements justify the people of Marin County in cherishing great expectations. It is known that large land interests are represented in the company, and it is reported, we presume, on the best authority, that the bonds of the company to the amount of \$1,500,000, have been sold in Frankfort. The route runs through the heart of our County, passing east of the, basin of Tomales, and then inland near the shore of the bay to San Rafael, and then turning northward across toward Bodega, through a region possessing a beautiful climate, rich pastures, extensive dairies, great forests of redwood and beautiful scenery.

A brief examination of the map will satisfy business men that Saucelito has many advantages of situation for a railroad terminus, and that the construction of a road up the coast is inevitable, as well as a connection with the Petaluma Valley Road, and also with the Napa road, and through it with the main railroad system of the State. California is divided into northern and southern divisions by the San Francisco, San Pablo and Suisun Bays, and the San Joaquin and Mokelumne rivers, and Saucelito is not only the southernmost point of the northern half, but it is also the nearest to the metropolis, and the only place from which the northern side can be connected by a short ferry with San Francisco. On such advantages of position and a deep and secure harbor, Saucelito rests its claims for present recognition and future prosperity.

### THE MODOCS.

Those persons who seemed in a hurry in drawing their conclusions that the Modocs had left their lava bed fortresses have found them selves mistaken. The murderous success which had crowned their actions, on three or four occasions, had undoubtedly filled them with such an exalted idea of their own prowess that they had come to the conclusion that they were masters of the situation, and in a condition to demand and receive all they saw fit to ask. From latest reports it seems that they are very likely to receive what they deserve—utter extermination, unless they have already or may hereafter break through our imperfect surrounding lines and escape. But this would seem a sorry chance for them, in view of the fact that we have a force of cavalry ready for the pursuit, and also as many

Warm Spring Indians, who are as brave as the Modocs, and said to be fired with an extinguishable hatred of the last named. Already these Modocs have cost us many valuable lives, and there is reason to fear that they will be the cause of the killing and crippling many more. It is a sad thing that we have been forced to sacrifice such gallant fellows in order to teach a salutary lesson.

It is not the time, perhaps, to discuss the policy which indirectly has led to this provoking war with a mere mob of outlaws, who have shown themselves outside of the laws of peace and war. The event is upon us, and if our Government or its agents have erred on the side of leniency, or have proved untrustworthy to the Government and the Indians also, the latter have appealed to arms in the most cruel and unforgivable manner, and must "stand the hazard of the die." Our Government in this instance was guilty of too much mercy, else it had not sent men whose lives were worth to the country more than those of every Indian on the continent, into the very jaws of death; and that, too, after other men, who knew the character of the Modocs so much better, had retired from the Commission, thoroughly satisfied that no terms could be made with them. But the brave sense of duty entertained by the lamented Canby, and the pure sense of pity and humanity which governed the actions of Dr. Thomas, overcame all distrust and fear, and they made one more effort to save the lives of these miserable savages.

Now we know at what cost of precious life up to the present time, our confidence, our pity, our mercy, our desire to save from utter annihilation those mineralogical outlaws, have been made. We have found in return, ingratitude and an absence of all the qualities which raise man above the brute. There can be no doubt that the lesson learned by this dreadful affair will be of use to us, and will have a decided effect upon our Indian policy. In the first place, common humanity teaches a lesson of justice toward them. Then the Government should somehow see that its agents deal on the square with them, and that what has been promised them in the so-called treaties, they shall receive. Whenever they violate their agreement they should understand that they will have to pay the penalty. We have had too much of romance, too much of fine sentiment, too much of Cooper's novels and the fine frenzy of the poets. There is not one point of poetry in the whole native race, and it is time that Government had come down to plain, simple facts.

### A SINGULAR STORY.

It is popularly believed that the age of miracles is passed. That the times when images of the Virgin Mary wept tears, when the painted lips of pictured saints spoke to the worshipper, when fountains of holy water sprang from the ground where struck by the head of martyred Christians, and visions of the holy ones of Heaven gave religious advice to some favored communicant, would no longer be repeated in these times of modern improvement and skepticism. The world has grown too philosophical to give credit to such tales. Those phenomena of Nature, which, in ancient times, appeared marvellous, were at once set down as miracles, and as such, imposed on a religious but ignorant people. Where Nature failed, invention and artifice were said to have been used in some cases, though the zeal and integrity of the anointed priests of God should have forbidden them. Now, however, although we are still as religious and devout, everything is viewed by the cold eye of science. It analyzes all things, gives to each event its cause, and clearly changes the wonderful into a simple action of Nature.

We have been led to these remarks by the report of an occurrence which is said to have lately taken place in San Francisco. A young lady, a devout Roman Catholic, and one whose time was occupied in works of charity, has had certain manifestations, both in mind and body, which are said to have been miracu-

lous, and to have been the result of the direct action of the Virgin Mary. Upon Good Friday, the day commemorating the crucifixion of our Saviour, she was thrown into a death-like trance. Gradually, red marks began showing themselves on the back and palms of her hands, upon her feet, and on her sides. Drops of blood are said to have oozed from these wounds, which are typical of those made by the nails in the hands and feet of our Saviour, and of the soldiers' spear thrust in His side. Most of the time she appeared to be suffering the greatest agony, but at times a light of angelic sweetness would illuminate her face, and she could be heard murmuring to the Virgin Mary, of whom she afterward said she had a vision. All this was witnessed by one of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and by a number of prominent Catholic ladies and gentlemen. A doctor was also present, who is said to have declared that the symptoms were incomprehensible.

This is a most strange story, and, while it is almost impossible for us to doubt that such events have actually occurred, still we cannot believe that they are the results of supernatural agencies. Although it seems strange that so many should have chanced to be present, still their prominence in social and religious circles is a guarantee that it is not an intentional fraud. However, many believe that future events will show that there was nothing miraculous, but that some peculiar disease, coupled with a mind rendered imaginative on religious subjects, has been the sole cause.

Thus "blood is stronger than water" was clearly shown in the attempted rescue of Mortimer, the condemned murderer, in Sacramento, by his brother, Claude Duval, Dick Turpin and other tales of a similar class abound with startling narrations, but none of them possess more of romance than this courageous attempt of one brother to rescue another from the scaffold. After sealing the prison walls he received his death wounds from the jailor and then, fleeing through the corridors of the jail, as if endeavoring to escape the death that was fast overtaking him, he fell dead at the very door of his brother's cell. A sacrifice, which, had it been made in a better cause, would have been deemed heroic.

### Dyspepsia.

A very curious method of treating dyspepsia is announced, as a complete success, by Dr. Brown Segard. The most extraordinary thing is that the cure forbids the use of medicine, and tells not on articles of diet, but on the regulation of time in taking nourishment. Eat any meat and bread, be rather sparing of vegetables, drink wine and water, but you must not take more than two or three mouthfuls at a time. This homeopathic meal is to be repeated every fifteen minutes or so, not exceeding thirty minutes interval between these mouthfuls meals. Relief is soon felt, and in ten to twenty days' treatment you may begin gradually to increase the mouthfuls and the time spaces till finally you can take your former three meals in peace and digestive felicity. The rationale of this process is not given in the medical record we have seen, but it may be presumed that the disease is referred to the torpid production of gastric juice. A full meal finds no adequate response, and the food weighs heavily on the stomach and passes away to trouble the organism along the whole line of its extension. There is gastric juice for a few mouthfuls, and the patient soon finds the proper measure rest and relief from oppression gives the stomach a chance to recuperate, and Nature having fair play, effects the cure. Accepting this theory, Thackeray's condemnation of lunch and the orthodoxy of two meals a day may be questioned. For gourmands, the axiom may do—that lunch is base ingratitude to your breakfast, and a premeditated insult to your dinner. Stomachs that can digest leather, want no rigid rules. But not only does Dr. Brown Segard's prescription sanction our usual three meals a day, but it rather prefers the usual fourth meal of England, via supper at nine, and a Pandia nightcap to two repasts.

MALIGNANT ulcers of the mouth, Dr. Brandt cures by gargling with citric acid—say four grains of the crystals in three hundred and fifty grains of water. Ordinary lemon juice, being the same thing, may answer as well, and its application to incipient cancers generally is also suggested.

### War.

That war is an essential part in the programme of Providence, is apparent to the student of vegetable life. Every plant strives to usurp the ground of its neighbor. What we call weeds, we watch the most, and they pre-empt the most marked instances; but it is a law of all plants to strive for mastery, and to fight against resistance to their incursions. To the Indians we are aggressive weeds, overrunning their grounds. At one time, certain European Nationalities were treated as weeds by Americans. Northern hordes overran Middle and South Europe. Englishmen are playing weeds all over the earth, displacing native peoples, as Amerindians have displaced the Aborigines. The Northern Tartars have eternal war against the Southern races in China. Russia is playing the weed game in Asia with rapid advances. The Egyptians are now visibly preparing to overrun and subjugate Siberia and the great Bouldon that surpasses America in the extent of its vast agricultural and mineral resources. And behold Western Asia like the Norway rats that already have possession, these Asiatic hordes, two thousand a month, and in quiet warfare of races, mutually repugnant, they conquer room for life in our own country. The laws of Nature are irresistibly working in this as in kindred movements, reminding us that "we do but row, we are steered by fate." What cannot be resisted, wise counsel may, under equal Providence, turn to advantage.

**Swiss Digest.** French medical journals publish the result of experiments to determine how minute a drop of poison will produce decided medicinal effects. The blood of an ox which had been dead ten days was used in the tests. Having inoculated a rabbit with this blood poison, the doctor took the blood of that rabbit, and so on to the 25th generation that had died. The result proved that the one-trillionth part of a drop of delayed blood injected subdermally, sufficed to poison a rabbit. From this proving, dissecting surgeons are cautioned that, though the dissecting knife may be clear to the eye, it may yet hold an invisible atom of death poison sufficient to infect the circulation if the operator should by accident prick his finger. The French savant says that such results ought to open our eyes to the possible effects of minute doses in homopathy.

**MEDICINAL USE OF NETTLES.** Dr. Nicholl says that the great preventive of yellow fever in Bermuda, is dried nettle, powdered and used as a condiment in all cooking. The Doctor resides on the Isle of Jersey, and he uses it successfully among his patients. He preserves it like herb teas, and keeps it in a dry place. Dr. Thornton uses it as a styptic. He dips lint into nettle juice, and inserts it into a bleeding nose, with quick effect. He also prescribes it for goitre, for which it is a specific remedy. In this case, he grinds fifteen of the seeds, and administers once a day. The juice of the nettle has a singular effect on steel, which becomes flexible by immersion in it.

**COAL COASTING.** We have plenty of coal on the Pacific Coast, such as it is. The cost of freight rules the price. It may profit us to know that, after an experience of twenty years, the Philadelphia and Schuylkill Coal Railway Company has decided on a class of vessels which will reduce the coast freight, and greatly cheapen their coal in New York and Boston. These vessels are now being built in Philadelphia. They are collier steamers, 214 feet long, by 29 feet beam, and 1200 tons register. This is a matter of great importance to our coal men in Oregon.

**Buddhism.** A philosopher says that Japanese custom exacts suicide from all officials and from men in high position, when guilty of unworthy conduct. The effect of this is to develop a nice sense of honor in high places entirely unknown to Christian nations. Hari-kari is looked on as a full reparation, and no taint follows the family. Considering the corruption among Christians in high places, it is a question whether this heathen institution might not work a sound moral and political revolution in our own country.

**COMPULSORY SMOKING.** Anti-tobacco men will perhaps learn for the first time, that smoking a pipe was once, as vaccination is now, a compulsory measure against a prevailing epidemic. Thomas Hearne says that in 1721, in the great plague of London, smoking tobacco was the most regretted preservative. Children were obliged to smoke at home, and at school the boys were so enforced.

**Mrs. H., of San Francisco, admitted an improper character as a lodger in her house, and turned him out the other day with the remark, "that she would never keep a *hell* in her house that wanted hanging."**

"PAPA," said a Siouxian to her father, "what do they catch red herring?" "Oh, my dear," replied he, "in the Red Sea," to be sure?

# Sausalito Weekly Herald.

SAUSALITO, Saturday, April 19, 1873

## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

### OUR RAILROAD.

#### Formal Inauguration of the North Pacific Coast Railroad—A Gala Day in Sausalito—The Commencement of a New Era.

The day long looked for, long wished for, has come at length to Sausalito. On last Saturday, April 14th, the first sod was turned of the Northern Pacific Coast Railroad. No longer do we listen to empty promises. We see before us substantial evidence that Sausalito will soon become a railroad terminus. That all our dreams of the future will soon be realized. That the iron horse will daily bring us the productions of our mountains and valleys. That we will be a shipping port connecting with all the commercial cities of the world and rivalling the great metropolis itself. That our hillsides will be covered with dwellings, and our lowlands with warehouses and work shops, and over all the busy hum of industry will be heard.

The arrangements were under the auspices of the Sausalito Land and Ferry Company, who issued many invitations to those interested in such enterprises. The Princess, on a special trip at 12 o'clock, brought over the invited guests from San Francisco. On the way she stopped at Angel Island, where she took on board, Colonel Mizner, Captain Girard and Dr. Lull; also the Twelfth Infantry Band, which discoursed sweet music during the day. On landing at Sausalito, a procession was formed, and with the band at the head, wound up the hills, giving an idea of our size to the stranger, and came at length to the spot where the breaking of ground was to take place in front of the Zingara, on the property of Mr. J. H. Turney.

At the first stroke of the pick, Major-General H. A. Cobb, the President of the Sausalito Land and Ferry Company, stood up on the steps of the veranda of the Zingara Hotel, and briefly announced that he introduced A. D. Moore, the President of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, to the audience, and that he, on behalf of the Company, would make the formal commencement of the road.

President Moore then taking a shovel said: "Now make the formal breaking of ground of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and may God go with it," and lifted a small quantity of the earth.

General Cobb, on behalf of the Land Company, taking the shovel and breaking up the earth, said: "And may God speed it."

The shovel was then handed to Captain Story, the earliest pioneer of Sausalito, who, on taking it and removing some of the earth, said: "I was the first white man who ever broke ground in Sausalito, and I break it for this enterprise, and may God speed it."

A number of picks and shovels were arranged, and a number of laborers standing by, and at a given signal, a force of sixty men began to make a road-bed for the reception of the ties and rails just above the beach fronting on Richardson Bay, while the company withdrew to Bohemian Hall.

On entering the hall all gathered around the music-stage. Stepping forward General Cobb led forward President A. D. Moore, who was to make some few remarks in reference to the enterprise which had just been formally inaugurated.

#### A. D. MOORE'S REMARKS.

Mr. Moore began by stating that he, as well as all present, were the guests of the Sausalito Land Company, but on their behalf welcomed all most heartily and cordially. "This road," he continued, "which but a few minutes ago was formally begun, was actually commenced some forty-five days ago at White's Hill and Strawberry Pond. Eight hundred men are now engaged on it. Railroads are not built by talk, but by hard and earnest work. For this reason it had at first been thought to postpone any public action in regard to it until it had been completed and in running order. Still, so quiet had the work been done, that the public became desirous of knowing something of it, and therefore the present ceremony of to-day."

The extreme point of terminus of the road was on the Wainhala River, one and a half miles from Sausalito, but the present terminus will be near the mouth of the Russian River Valley, 83 miles distant. By the middle of next month it is expected to have 1,600 laborers in the field. For our assistance in the work we have received a subsidy of \$160,000 from the county of Marin, and a grant of 30 acres from your Land Company for track bed, machine shops, turn tables, etc. Some of the iron for our road you may see laying outside. The balance has been ordered and will be here next month. Our gauge is 3 feet. This is because the nature of the country through which our road passes, rough, undulating and abrupt, will not allow that of four feet eight and a half inches. This has saved us 33 percent in running expenses, and enabled us to accomplish our work.

The business of this county, I think, warrants the building of the North Pacific Coast Railroad. Our reliance is on the immense resources of the Coast countries to give us a heavy freighting trade, which will be ours. The dairy, the lumber mill and the wheat-field will be our reliance. At the present time six lumber trains daily will be necessary; 16,800 gallons of milk is a day's supply consumed by San Francisco. Marin can supply two-thirds of this, and will, as by our railroad we can lay it down in that city at twenty cents the gallon while it now costs thirty cents.

The rich grain of our teaming valleys we can bring to Sausalito and load direct from our cars upon the foreign-bound ships. Our country will attract the pleasure-seekers and the invalid. It is agreeable to tourists and most beneficial to the sick man.

Our road justifies itself in every way; it is more than needed, it is an absolute necessity. In its effect on San Francisco it will be the precursor, itself in its special field, of many similar enter-

prises. It is thought by the men of that city that trans-continental roads are robbing us of the trade of our back country, to further entice the East, ploughing with wealth. Our road will take up our State's wealth and empty it into the mother city. What the other States have gained from their local railroads this one will do its share for California. This day's work opens out to us a new future.

#### RAILS BURNING IN FOUR MONTHS.

Old cars will run to San Rafael within four months. Our whole road we hope to have completed by the August of the year to come. When this is done we may put our further hopes into form, and continue it to the Humboldt Valley and the Columbia river.

Mr. Moore's remarks were constantly interrupted with applause, and at their conclusion three rousing hurrahs were given for the new railroad.

#### MEMORIES OF THE GUESTS.

The guests then all took their seats at the tables and discussed some of Sausalito's substantialities. The ravenous appetites induced by the fresh, bony air having been appeased, Col. Girney was called on for some remarks. He responded in his usual happy vein, having for the house laid aside all the fierceness of his war-paint.

Followed by Milo Headley, Esq., a reciprocal student of narrow-gauge and Sausalito, was proposed and received with enthusiasm.

Mr. T. B. Lewis, of San Francisco, and Mr. V. D. Cobb, the County Clerk of Marin county, followed with brief remarks.

#### THE EDITOR OF THE SAUSALITO HERALD.

General Cobb then called upon the youthful editor of the Sausalito Herald for an expression of sentiment on the occasion. Overcoming our habitual modesty we rose and gave vent to the following remarks: "As General Cobb has said, many do not know that Sausalito possesses a newspaper, but there are also a great many who never knew that Sausalito existed until they saw a paper published here [laughter]. The occasion we are celebrating to-day, is one for which for two years we have labored, and we shall continue to work until the road is completed. Nor shall we stop there. But we shall continue to advocate the interests of Sausalito especially and Marin County in general. [We were dressed in the rough garments in which we had ascended Tamalpais' hills—] When I look around and see so many well-dressed gentlemen, it seems as if I should apologize for the appearance of my clothes. But remember that beauty is but skin deep, and that the noblesse's heart beats under the shabbish clothes. The fact is, my companion and I have just been up to the top of Mount Tamalpais. From its cloud-bathed crest we have looked upon the route of this road as marked out by the hand of nature. And I would advise the surveyors, if they wish to obtain the best idea of the country, to likewise ascend this mountain and see their work mapped out before them. But let them go well supplied with water for its terribly dry work." With this we subisted, amidst loud applause, perfectly exhausted.

Mr. Goddard followed briefly. Mr. L. B. Full proposed the toast, from Walt Whitman, "I hear the tramp of pioneers of nations yet to come." Drunk with applause.

Mr. Anderson, of the Appeal, being called on, replied in some happy words, and was followed by Mr. H. B. Platt, the Vice-President of the company, who presented some brief but interesting statistics of the amount of lumber trade which would be come the railroad from the coast countries.

Captain Story, Sausalito's first white inhabitant who arrived as Captain of the brig *Madida* the Christmas Day of 1849, found it an Indian rancheria, made a short speech.

Col. Mizner, of Angel Island, and Mr. J. P. Boyd were now called on and spoke briefly. Col. Girney answered a call for the *Press*, and Major-General H. A. Cobb, having expressed to the guests the Company's thanks for their attendance, concluded with the toast, "The speedy completion of the North Pacific Railroad."

At 4:30 P.M. the guests rose from the tables and leaving the hall they found that during the three hours of their sitting the sixty laborers had built three hundred feet of road, with an average fill of two feet, the work requiring the moving of about four hundred cubic feet of work. This may be considered as some excellent road-making.

By the evening boat the guests returned to San Francisco, greatly pleased with their trip, considering that the day's affairs had been splendidly carried out, and as near perfection as possible for the mundane plans of man.

#### THOSE PRESENT.

The tables seated a hundred guests, among whom we noticed the following: A. D. Moore, Gen. H. A. Cobb, H. B. Platt, W. H. Tillinghast, Emilie Grisar, L. Girard, Fred'k MacCrellish, J. B. de Montague, J. H. Turney, David W. Walker, J. H. Sayre, A. H. Grim, Julius H. Smith, J. B. Lowe, V. D. Cobb, County Clerk, Geo. W. Stillwell, County Treasurer, Supervisor W. L. Barnard, John A. Bauer, Treasurer of San Francisco, Col. Mizner, Captain Orange, Dr. Lull, T. B. Lewis, P. Whelan, H. A. Cobb, Jr., Capt. H. Andrews, Col. C. S. Bulkeley, G. P. Cummings, Dr. Willoughby, Milo Headley, Capt. Story, L. B. Lull, Geo. H. Goddard, P. Cassou, The Le Boy, Dr. Carrs, John Middleton, Samuel Middleton, Wm. B. Bitchie, Edmund Chevassus, B. C. Rogers, Chas. B. C. Edmunds, Breckin, W. B. Hayes, Chas. Kaufman, Col. J. C. Girney, John H. Germany, T. E. Johns, W. H. Keith, John M. Bolton, John E. Budd, Harry Webb, Eugene Bietzen, Thos. P. Woodward, and numerous representatives of the San Francisco press, a number of whom are of the opinion that Landstburg's champagne is intoxicating, and as a consequence presented very dim reports of the proceedings.

#### THE OFFICERS OF THE COMPANIES.

The officers of the North Pacific Coast Railroad are: President, A. D. Moore; Vice-President, H. B. Platt; Treasurer, W. H. Tillinghast; Secretary, David W. Walker; Chief Engineer, Julius H. Smith, and Contractor, A. K. Grim.

The officers of the Sausalito Land and Ferry Company are: President, H. A. Cobb; Treasurer, Maurice Dore; Secretary, J. H. Sayre. Directors: H. A. Cobb, John H. Baird, H. B. Platt, J. E. de Montague, Fred'k MacCrellish, Wm. H. Tillinghast, Emilie Grisar.

OUR RAILROAD.—Since our last issue, the formal breaking of ground of the North Pacific Coast Railroad has taken place. Elsewhere will be found a full and most interesting description of the ceremonies attendant on the occasion. Since that time a great deal of work has been done on our side of the bay. The point for the terminus of the bridge from Strawberry Point having been definitely located at Alameda Point, operations were immediately begun in grading and filling in the line of the road. The course follows almost absolutely the meandering front of the land, facing directly on the water, which

some places washes the embankments. A short distance above the Zingara Hotel there is a cut of twenty-six feet. The general work, however, is a great deal lighter than across the bay. The laborers, of the new gang of seventy-five hands, are found to work splendidly, pushing along with rapidity. The bridge, the materials of which are off their way from Puget Sound, will require about 8,000 feet of piles. There will be two large drawbridges to allow the passage of vessels. The wharves for the depots and for ships will require about 32,000 square feet. Between San Rafael and Sausalito it is estimated that it will require 2,000 feet of track work. In about seventy days the piling will be begun and it is believed that the bridge will be completed within four months. The track-laying will then be commenced and it is confidently thought that in two months thereafter, trains will be running. On this side the grading and filling will be ended within six weeks. At Strawberry Point, the line, instead of running by way of the oyster beds, has been changed to the eastern side. Surveyors have been out during the week locating this new direction, and it is expected that they will have the new line completed by the end of next week. The work on this side of the bay is going forward vigorously. The working forces are almost daily being augmented. A corps of surveyors are at all times engaged in preparing the line as to levels, cuttings, etc., in advance of the approaching working parties. The superintendents of divisions seem to be imbued with a strong spirit of go-aheadiveness and are getting every bit of work done that is possible in the shortest space of time.

DONA LORETTA GRANDE MONTAGNE.—The Villainous Dona Grande Peapatch from San Rafael Thursday evening brought the news of the murder of Dona Loretta Grande at her home in Olema, Marin county. Thursday morning at five o'clock, Dona Grande was a widow, sixty seven years of age, and the mother of a large family. She resided on her ranch with two of her sons, Felipe and Tomas. Another son, Juan Grande, lives in the vicinity of San Rafael. Felipe, who resides with his wife in San Francisco, and is staying at the California House, received a brief despatch Thursday evening, from his brother, Juan, stating that his mother had been shot by a worthless fellow, and requesting him to bring up a witness as early as possible. This sad and frightful intelligence was not learned by the other son, Tomas, until late at night. Neither of them can imagine any cause for the commission of the crime and have no knowledge of the person who perpetrated the deed. A later despatch reports that the murderer killed himself before he could be arrested. His name was Ambrosio Gavero.

LEAVING A PLATE.—The locating of the China steamer *China* almost in the line which the ferry boat *Perseus* takes in coming from San Francisco, has been the subject of considerable complaint from those crossing daily. It is generally believed that as the wind usually blows in the afternoon the germs of pestilence could, with the greatest facility be wafted on the boat, and the disease communicated to the passengers. It is suggested that anchoring the steamer off Sheep's Island near Point Isabel would be a much more satisfactory arrangement. The passengers might even be landed on this island, as it would make a safe and secluded place for a quarantine hospital. It is said that it is proposed to place the infected on Hershey's Island, against this our people strenuously protest. It would be impossible to keep the patients on the island, for the reason that it would be a very simple matter to spirit them away across the narrow strip of sand connecting it with the mainland.

CONDITION OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The condition of our public school at the present time is most worthy of the attention of our people. As in a previous article we review our condemnation of the building (Heaven help the formers) in which our children are instructed. The evil is becoming more crying every day, and it is now about time that something was done in the matter. We will say nothing more as it is impossible to do the subject justice. We must say that the progress shown by the pupils is a most pleasant subject of contemplation. The average, as shown week before last, of the standing of the pupils in their studies, is something to be proud of. It only now remains to complete the beauty of the picture, by having a frame adequate i.e. a new school building.

PERSONAL.—On Thursday last Mr. and Mrs. Atwater paid our town a visit. Mr. Atwater is of Chicago, and is making purely a pleasure trip of our state. He expresses himself as perfectly delighted with the softness and balminess of our climate. Being connected with all the prominent scientific societies of Illinois, he intends to make a report on our pretty little place. Its beauties, capabilities, and especially the flora of our vicinity. During the week Mr. A. D. Moore, President of the Railroad, Mr. A. K. Grim, the contractor, Mr. J. B. Low, the Superintendent, have been in town.

THOUGHTS.—Just at the present moment, some of the best trout fishing of the season may be done. At Big Lagoon, nine miles from town there are said to be creeks and small holes and lagunas, alive with this delicious fish. Parties daily are going and returning. They all relate their good luck with edifying unanimity and prove it to by showing excellent messes of the speckled beauties.

HAY FOR THE ROAD.—On Thursday a large barge heavily loaded with hay for the horses and mules on the railroad, in the grading at Strawberry Point, passed town.

OLD SAUSALITO.—At old Sausalito, at the present time, there are three schooners lying waiting to undergo repairs and overhauling. They are the *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, *Marion Lewis*, and the *George Lewis*. The latter is already on the ways and will be thoroughly renovated. Fishing is found to be very good off the Point.

SAUSALITO CHIEF.—H. Moore, late assistant engineer of the North Pacific Coast Narrow Gauge Railroad has resigned his position and joined the survey corps of A. Von Schmidt and has gone with them to Nevada to survey the boundary line between that state and California. Mr. H. E. Finley succeeds him.

BOAT RACE.—On Sunday last as many as 700 persons strolled out gaily, racing and gliding bent on launching and rowing at pleasure. The number was made up of innumerable private parties. All seemed to have enjoyed themselves in a most spirited manner.

BUSINESS ITEMS.—Against the recorded death of last week we have to announce the birth of twins, son and daughter, to Mrs. Michaels.

It is the intention that May Day shall be inaugurated by a picnic and coronation of the Queen of the May. Last year a similar entertainment was a grand success. Should this one only succeed as well as the last, nothing more admirable would be desired. Daily business is now very active. Large quantities of butter are being sent almost daily to San Francisco. The grass is excellent, and consequently the cows are making unusually excellent return.

DURING THE PAST WEEK BULLION HAS BEEN IN AN EXTRAORDINARY PITCH OF EXCITEMENT OVER A PIECE OF SEVEN.  
The subject not being over *SECRET* we suppress particular.

SAUSALITO LAND AND FERRY COMPANY.—ELECTION OF WORKS AND PROPERTY, MARIN COUNTY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment levied on the twenty-fifth (25th) day of February, A.D. 1873, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name	Certificate	Shares	Amount
Baird H. W. S. Trustee	187	89	\$341.19
Boyd J. T. Trustee	194	100	900.00
Cobb H. A.	74	400	1600.00
Cobb H. A.	123	200	2400.00
Cobb H. A.	128	65	821.00
Cobb H. A.	129	50	245.00
Cobb H. A.	136	50	241.00
Cobb H. A.	155	50	365.00
Cobb H. A.	160	100	800.00
Champlin, Gordon P.	193	100	800.00
Currey John	16	150	900.00
Currey John	134	95	216.00
Currey John	157	52	51.00
Docket Peter	170	100	1176.00
Docket Peter	151	52	187.00
Woods F. H. (partner)	10	400	1600.00
Hitchcock Chas. M.	10	300	1800.00
Hitchcock Chas. M.	120	75	57.00
Hitchcock Chas. M.	150	14	84.00
MacCrellish F.	22	600	1200.00
MacCrellish F.	141	20	120.00
MacCrellish F.	150	112	67.00
Montague J. B. de la	181	52	3.00
Montague J. B. de la	112	125	15.00
Montague J. B. de la	160	3	15.00
Montague J. B. de la	174	77	482.00
Platt H. B.	152	17	102.00
Platt H. B.	63	55	99.00
Richardson E. A. Trustee	62	555	2115.00
Under J. F. C. Trustee	162	100	600.00
Wheeler Chas. Trustee	186	100	600.00
Whelan Patrick	62	45	80.00
Whelan Patrick	130	60	480.00
Whelan Patrick	140	7	42.00

And in accordance with the law and an order of the Board of Trustees, made on the twenty-fifth (25th) day of February, A.D. 1873, so many shares of each parcel of said stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the salesroom of Maurice Dore & Co., No. 277 Montgomery street, San Francisco, on Monday, the Twenty-first (21st) day of April, A.D. 1873 at the hour of one o'clock p.m. on that day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

J. H. SAYBE, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 4 Stevenson's Building, southwest corner of California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, March 31, 1873.

aid

100-11

621 Clay street, San Francisco.

100-11

100-11

### CAMPING OUT.

The Lagoon. The Ocean. Speckled Beauties. Mount Tamalpais—Gold Mine Among the Chickens.

"The *meatado*" does a fishing.

TUESDAY, April 8th. Five young men, wearied and satiated with city life, arrive on the first trip of the Princess, determined to enjoy themselves among the creeks and wild mountains of Marin. Across each back a roll of blankets. Some bear coffee pots in gourd cases, the necessary food—ham, bacon.

At each side, a canteen, well filled with stimulants to cheer their weary footsteps. Their clothes, though sturdy, in good condition, much better than when they returned. Every one about to tramp.

One line of march is taken up. Several hundred yards (Chinaman) also take up their march at the same time, to work on the railroad. Getting ready. Can tell our own friends. The Chinaman to their camp. We march on alone. Wheels are behind us. Mr. King invites us to take a ride. So beautiful, but don't refuse his kind invitation.

Homestead where the roads for Bolinas and San Rafael divide. Mr. King samples our canteens. The food good. So do we. Sample all around. Some our tramp. Take a short cut up a hill.

Blankets becoming a trifle heavy. Take two or three. Hillsides covered with cattle going to a stream. The top of the hill. Take another. Beautiful view. Pacific Ocean and San Fran and San Pablo Bays. Down hill. Easy walk.

At the lagoon.

The village from Saucelito, on the Bolinas road, so camp at the foot of a beautiful tree on the bank. Purchase milk and butter from a neighbor's farmhouse. Hungry for lunch. Ham is pretty bad after all.

After, for fishing. Only one of us catches anything. The others busy cleaning them. Have a dozen for dinner. Conclude trout traps under any circumstance. Bacon not as good as trout.

Light comes on. Must keep up going. Two shooting wood piles very tempting. Their owner is busy getting a fresh supply of fuel. Must sleep, out for choice of place. Not much to sleep on. Sleeps on hill. Heads a foot or two above the rock bank alongside. One pair gets a camp between them. Can talk, only in rhymes. Gradually grow bolder. Relying left in camp. The other pair want to sleep. Can't get used. Pack up their blankets and change them.

Pretend to go to sleep. No use. Nursery, trees still continue. Worse than *phantom* at the Florida. One of the pair gets exhausted. Other begins to feel lively. Gets up and has an interesting dialogue with an owl in the tree above. Very talkative. Makes a great deal of noise. All give an interesting discourse (in rhyme) the devil of woman. Gets him up. The fellow—the owl. Thinks he'll go to sleep. Bed-fellow takes him in the stomach. Laughs grow louder. Thinks he wants to look at the gills. Grows his hands and knees. The trout he ate return to the native element. Boats of laughter all around. Everybody awake. Can't ever let a fellow *Yankee* sleep alone. Midnight. Quiet at length, though some noise.

Wednesday. Day awake. Don't want to get up. Terrible headache. Too much oil for dinner last night. One of the fellows trying to

some flour from ranch. Said he would pay it when he brought back the pan. Neglected. Didn't take back the pan. Mixed flour and oil. Put the mixture in frying pan. Didn't pay him a cent. Told some more. Concluded they are a failure. Eat breakfast. Not very much.

Don't feel like it. Others do not look all round. Not dry or oily in the morning.

In the afternoon walk to ocean, two miles off our feet in the bright element. They need a difficult beach. Smooth as a dancing hall. Gravel cinders for our friends. Sea weed don't improve smell of your handkerchief.

Return to camp. Enjoy our trout. Evening very quiet. Gained all empty. Night cold. Blankets heavy enough. Can't sleep well.

Thursday. Got awake. Don't get up right away. Pleasant to see the other fellow get breakfast. And I run a race to see who is up last. Come in neck and neck for breakfast. Some good advice, when you go out camping, always have plenty of good-natured fellows along, who are anxious to do all the work—get breakfast, replenish the fire during the night, etc. If you do, you can't fail to enjoy yourself. Gained a little in the morning. See some three footers. Don't catch them, however.

Two of us determined to secure a big fellow. Have had enough of little ones. Work for an hour or two, making a wire line with four or five hooks. Old ones too puny. Had their noses tickled too long with seductive baits to be caught now.

Three take a tramp to the Coast Survey Signal.

Overlooking the Pacific. Gaze in awe and admiration for an hour at the broad expanse of blue ocean spread out before us. On one side is a deep and

precipitous side.

Five or six hundred feet down. A little beach and huge cavern at its base. One of the most adventurous insults on descending. Don't want any of it in ours. Stand on the top, expecting to see the dashed topes. Watch every footprint, so as to give full particulars of the accident. Beaches bottom in safety. Finds body of cow, who got there faster, but not so safely. Picks up a pretty pebble for his lady-love. Hope she'll appreciate the risk he ran.

Back to camp. Terrible discovery. Fly-blown ham. Harry very hungry. Scraps it a little. Don't notice much difference in the taste. Seat of pants demoralized. Well ventilated. Remark: the hole

keeps tearing. Reply: no reason you should keep staring at it. Good joke! Pipe taste well around those. Detracting flat for Tamalpais in the morning. Heavy dew during the night. No place out in one's face.

Friday. Rabbit for breakfast. Try to make flour stay. Make much. Add water, and make soup. Drain water, and have liquid again. Add some more water. Throw it away.

Pack all ready. Start for Tamalpais. Follow the track. Climb to top of range of hills. Take several rods. Blankets plenty heavy enough now. On backbone of hills three or four miles long, that lead directly north to Tamalpais. Trail all the way easy walking. About two miles from Tamalpais, see

the ocean shore.

On the east side of the ridge. Investigate it. Evidently worked long ago. Everything has an ancient look. Large piles of blue rock taken out. Shall down, about seventy-five feet, with drift running down the hill. A couple of new species in the wind. See some old ones here lately. Turn over a rock, and find spider clutching the vine. Think it's a wasp. May be all right. Everybody can have his own opinion. Took a copy of it.

We, the unprivileged, claim fifteen hundred feet in altitude, running to an easterly and northerly direction, with altitudes angles. We claim one thousand feet south from this notice, and five hundred north. We claim all the privileges of the new Mining Law of the United States. This mine shall be known as the Bolinas trail and Silver Mine.

—O. M. CUNNINGHAM, 100 feet.

—T. B. PLATT, 100 feet.

—Platt, Marin County, March 10th, 1853.

This is Father Shady. Date too recent. Don't know how to spell. Dolinas. Pilsbury hasn't any trout name.

Leave out packs and commence ascent of mountain proper. Trail goes through thick chaparral. Nine high. Loose stones cover the ground. Pretty tough walking. Get very dry. No water in can. One has some milk charmed to butter while walking. At length get to top of a hill. Tamalpais still ahead of us. Tramp on. An hour and a half from the time we left our loads, reach the top of

MOUNT DIABLO.

A long, irregular ridge, running north and south three or four hundred feet, and thirty or forty feet wide. Large rocks, of varied shapes and sizes, cover it. Magnificent view. Embark, pass the camp, can see everywhere. List of plants too long to enumerate. San Francisco slightly obscured by fog. Pacific Ocean glistening in rays of setting sun. Saucelito perched on its hillsides. Mount Diablo guarding the San Joaquin Valley. Mount St. Helena in the northern distance. The waters of the bay dotted with sail, at one foot health giving San Rafael, never seen to better advantage in sight of us, the quote that our railroad must inevitably pursue.

But enough of description. 2,000 feet in the air is plenty. We descend in half an hour. Almost plain. No water. No camp. Strike for the valley, on the past. Nothing so useless water when you're thirsty. Died to death. Reach Mr. Throckmorton's house after seven, eight hours walking. All out except the Chinaman. Make ourselves known. Soon affiliate with him. Throckmorton? Think Charley (of Johnson) a trifle. Who makes us love the whole Chinese race. Some safely bunked in a hay-house. Right next to a chicken house, of which we learned more about.

Saturday. At 3 A.M., a most unearthly noise greeted our ears. Made the discovery that all of Mr. Throckmorton's

CHICKENS WERE ROASTED.

What could we do. Sleep was impossible. They lay, hissing to growl, in all scales, from the trifle to the deep base. A little bantam would not be outdone by his larger brethren. If one got tired, others were plenty to take his place. Several turkey gobblers, perched alone, took a hand and came in the chorus with their gobble. Some city folks like to hear the cock crow in the morning. So do we about a mile off.

Breakfast was soon despatched. No more need for our grub's kitchen. Left them with Charley. Shoots birds with him all around. Some silver soon gladdened the Mongolian's eyes. Thought we were cheap good men. A six-mile walk brought us to Saucelito just in time to witness the inauguration of the railroads. For what happened there, see another column. We attended our clothes who not very tidy. But that did not prevent our getting. The Princess thought us safely across the bay. The scales of our pants were not in good condition. In fact, there weren't any left. But what of that? We were happy, and that should be enough for any one.

—C. H. COBB, 100 feet.

—REMAINS.

Now it must not be supposed that because we camped on the fishing grounds that it is a common practice. They all belong to Mr. Throckmorton, who is a jealous guardian of the speckled beauties. However, he is always willing to grant permission to his friends, of which he has many, to fish in his streams. Nor should we advise others to trespass on the hospitality of his Chinaman. He has strict orders not to receive any wayfarer, as there is a tavern near by. Had we not used the most purest, safe, eloquent, and given the most convincing evidence of our identity, we would not have been received.

On to that Saturday and Sunday the lagoon and creek were crowded with spectators. So many, in fact—two or three hundred, that they were in each other's way, and there are not many places left, although we only took away a hundred and fifty.

Right here, I may as well give a cure, or rather a preventive, for poisoning by the poison oak. Go to some homeopathists and inquire for some one of the different species of *Rhus*, in a liquid form. This should be an extract of the poison oak itself. Take a drop or two, several times a day, before and while exposed to the influence of the shrub, and you will successfully counteract its effects. This we can recommend from our own experience. And we would advise our readers to make a mole of it for future use. A preventive has long been sought for this disease, and this we believe to be the only perfect one yet discovered.

—C. H. COBB, 100 feet.

—THE EPIZOOTIC.—Near Johnson's Lagoon, in the vicinity of Mount Tamalpais, a species of epizootic have attacked the cattle. A number of the dead bodies of calves have been found in the vicinity which give every evidence of having died of the disease. A large number of cattle are more or less afflicted with this dangerous malady. We have as yet heard of no regular method of treatment having been used.

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## THE OUTCAST.

Her sympathies are yours and mine,  
Her heart is full of human love,  
Her tastes, in spite of tinsel shine,  
Do naught against her nature prove,  
Not less her pity is than ours;  
Nor are her joys an idle jest;  
Sharp are the thorns beneath the flowers,  
She clasps unto her woman's breast.

She came into her life of blame,  
Like us, in helplessness of grace;  
Unconsciously received her name,  
Unconsciously assumed her place;  
Blessed with maternal care, or cursed  
With poverty's neglect, she rose  
Through years' gradation and reared  
Her future of allotted woes.

It was not if she could or would;  
She took her fate, like us, on trust;  
Her follies are no natural mood;  
Nor does she choose for jewels, dust;  
For had she chosen, well we know,  
Her life had been our counterpart,  
With more, perhaps, than we bestow  
In sympathy of mind and heart.

The glances of her evil eyes  
On us pass judgment none the less  
Than we, who talk in saintly guise,  
Condemning what we only guess,  
Where we discern the guilt between;  
She sees a simple line of chance,  
And holds that we like her had been,  
But for the chain of circumstance.

The stars that guard the lover's talk,  
Are not more chaste with holy light,  
Than when they guide her wayward walk  
Through the waste places of the night;  
And she and we beneath their rays,  
Reason the same or reason not,  
And misinterpret others' ways  
To make our own the happiest lot.

And which of us the saints shall say  
She's wholly wrong nor partly right;  
Or who, beneath that painted clay,  
Pronounce there is no blameless white?  
Then cast not at her stones of pride,  
Low stooping from her height above;  
But, moving humbly at her side,  
Lift up her life with saving love.

## "DAW V INTO PANTS."

Dear Uncle—I writes on a letter  
An' I wants it wed to my aunts,  
I've got some old hi news to tell 'em;  
I've dust been an' daw into pants.

I fints at I looks awfir jolly,  
So muts like a little bid man;  
Ma says it's a drate piece of folly.  
Pa laughs dust, as hard as he can.

Se says, "Oh! oh! my baby is lost!"  
An' tates on town mornin' tji night,  
Se fints I tould alw' wear d'wesses  
I's pose; but I touldn't—not twice.

I've dave bofe my dolls to ze heathen,  
An' ze barber's tut of my turls,  
You'd hardly know it was me then,  
Who once was so muts like ze dirls.

I've tut up my sashes for horse wains,  
An' twaded my sippers for boots;  
I does n' wear any mors wuffles,  
But only niss gen'lemen's suits.

Fee cheers for ze pants 'tis so splendid  
At mates little fotes dro so fast;  
My petti-toat day is all ended,  
I is one of ze boys" at last.

An' that's why I writes this episissel,  
My velly dear unclie an' aunts,  
Tell tounin' I'm learnin' to whistle,  
It's a yaya fotes have who wear pants.

Yours fwaternally, BILLY.

P. S. —  
Pwetty soon I sal do into bizness,  
An' maste lots of stamps, I desse,  
An' zen I'll marry a nice little dirl,  
An' div her all my old d'wesses.

## HOME.

When daily tasks are done, and tired hands  
Lie still and folded on the resting knee,  
When loving thoughts have leave to loose their  
bands,  
And wander over past and future free;  
When visions bright of love and hope fulfilled  
Bring weary eyes a spark of glion fire,  
One castle fairer than the rest we build,  
One blessing more than others we desire:  
A home, our home, wherein all waiting past,  
We two may stand together, hand alone;  
Our patient task-work finished, and at last  
Love's perfect blessedness and peace our own.  
Some little nest of safety and delight,  
Guarded by God's angels day and night.

We cannot guess if this dear home should lie  
In some green spot embowered with arching trees  
Where bird notes, joined with brook notes gliding by,  
Shall make its music as we sit at ease.  
Or if amid the city's busy din  
Is built the rest for which we look and long.  
No sound without shall mar the peace within,  
The calm of love that time has proved so strong.  
Or if—ah, solemn thought!—this home of ours  
Doth lie beyond the world's confusing noise,  
And if the nest be built in Eden's bower,  
What do we still but silently rejoyce?  
We have a home, but of its happy slate  
We know not yet. We are content to wait.

## A Schoolboy's Attempt to Fly.

One day last week a little boy attending a private school on Fourth street, thought that he would like very much to be an angel, and accordingly he procured two turkey's wings and mounted to the top of the stairs in the school. He, with the wings in a proper position, started on high flight. He made a jump, and in a very short time the little fellow found himself at the bottom of the stairs, much scared and very little hurt. Getting up, he remarked to the school, "I guess I don't want to be an angel any more." The school-teacher talked to him for a few minutes, and immediately set him to studying his lessons. He still persists that he flew down the first step, and tumbled the rest of the way.—Troy Press.

## LOOSE THREADS.

A HEAVY Novel—A simplicon.  
CURRENT VIEWS—That from the river.

HAYBARN'S CRACKER-YASTY is only the name for a new kind of candy.

This will be in great demand; it is at once nutritious and comforting.

LOVERS are cautioned to be careful, as the object of their affections may dye.

THOSE letters—letters dropped by cockneys which they are speaking. Sample—“Eury and my at”

At a late wedding in San Francisco, an enthusiastic fellow, drinking the health of the bride, said, “I wish her many happy returns of the day.”

A Boston money-writer asserted the other day that beyond a certain point money was not to be had, “the offer of high rates being ineffectual with those who have no money to lend.” Nobody in the street disputed that.

A GENTLEMAN was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. “It is lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you my dear.” “Well, yes, it is extremely lucky—for her,” was the ready rejoinder.

A LITTLE miss of eight, in Boston, on being recently informed that her affectionate grandmother had made her a life member of a missionary society, objected, on the ground, “that she did not want to be eaten up by savages.”

AN aristocratic Irishman, speaking of his native country, said it was an execrable place, in fact, the only thing worth owing in it was the whisky.

You mean to say, then?” said a waggish friend, “that with all her faults, you love her still?”

A FELLOW called on one of our Sausalito denizens on Sunday, and asked for a drink of whiskey. He of course was refused. He remarked: “You might entertain an angel unawares.” “Yes,” retorted our friend, “but angels don't go about drinking whiskey on Sundays.”

A LADY in San Francisco recently advertised for a wet nurse. A young Irish girl offered herself. “How old are you, Bridget?” said the lady. “Sixteen, please ma'am.” “Have you ever had a baby?” “No, ma'am, but I am very fond of them.” “Then I'm afraid, Bridget, you will not do for me, it is a wet nurse servant.” “O, please ma'am, I know I'll do, I'm very aisy to teach.”

The poetical undertaker who gets up the obituary

verses for the *Philadelphia Ledger*, has been growing

round-shouldered this winter in trying to strike a

rhyme for one of the most prevalent “diseases of the

day. He has finally produced the following:

“Our little Sallie did to Heaven go—

Baby life so fleet is;

She was afflicted with the cerebro—

Spinal meningitis.

“Tis hard to lose little Sallie so,

But the reflection sweet is,

That she's gone where there's no cerebro—

Spinal meningitis.

## Salt as a Fertilizer.

The editor of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* thus replies to a correspondent, who inquires concerning the efficacy and economy of an application of salt as a fertilizer:

Salt has long been recognized as a fertilizer of very considerable value. It is usually applied to the surface broadcast, at the rate of from three to twenty bushels per acre, that is, it constitutes a top dressing. April or May is the time commonly selected to apply it. So far as we are informed by those who have actually used it and have had experience, we should say that four to six or seven bushels is sufficient for all ordinary purposes, better than more. One man who has used it pretty extensively says he uses four bushels to the acre, and takes care to apply it after sunset. He finds it an excellent remedy for the wire worm and the grubs that infest growing crops, and he gets a heavier crop, especially of wheat, from the salted than from the unsalted lands, and that the crop on salted land is free from rust, blight and smut, and the wheat is brighter and worth more.

A correspondent of one of our agricultural papers said he put on salt at the rate of six bushels to the acre and harrowed it in before sowing grain or grass seed, and added, “That is the secret of my getting so much hay. I have used salt many years on corn, putting on the hill before hoeing, as we do ashes. Upon one piece I put ashes on one third, plaster on one-third, and salt on the other, and the salted portion was decidedly the best. I broke up two-thirds of an acre of poor land, and not having any common stable manure to put on it, I sowed, after harrowing over once, eight bushels of salt, and harrowed it in and planted potatoes and peas. They came up strong and grew as rank as they would have done had there been a heavy coat of dressing ploughed in.”

The application of salt has the effect to make the ground mellow and light, and that mechanical effect would seem to be sufficient on many soils, to make it an object to apply it.

Scientific investigation will confirm the results of practical experience. Professor Johnson of the Sheffield Laboratory, Yale College, says: “The constituents of salt are chlorine and sodium which are ingredients of the cultivated plants. The use of salt has often doubled the amount of a crop. The growth of sugar plants and tobacco is much increased by it, though it is said to injure the quality of tobacco. Asparagus will bear a large dressing of salt. Root crops are also benefited by it. It makes the straw of grain stronger, and is beneficial to all crops in a drought. One of the benefits of salt is to make inert potash and ammonia existing in the soil available to growing plants.

We do not believe from all we can learn that it is worth while to buy salt at the ordinary market prices to use as a fertilizer. It would not pay, probably, and the only way is to get hold of odd lots of damaged salt that can be got for a trifle, now and then, and use it as a mixture in the manure or compost heap. We know of no such chance just now, but we frequently hear of purchases of that kind, generally after they have been made, where the cost has been very small, and then the result may be sufficient to justify the outlay. The price in such cases is nothing like that of good salt, and the usual market price of salt would be no guide to a trade of the kind.

A CLERK in the Indianapolis Post Office is now in the last stages of drought, occasioned by his own gallantry in volunteering to lick and adjust postage stamps for the young ladies who came to his window.

He is very charming, and Indianapolis is full of good looking girls who loved dearly to see him run out his tongue and moisten a stamp; and the first thing the unfortunate man knew he had exhausted his salivary secretions, and was as dry as a boarding house pie. The doctor says unless he can start the sap in his system he is a goner.—Ex.

## MARKEt REVIEW.

### Domestic Produce.

FRIDAY EVENING, April 18, 1873.

BREAD—We continue to note a good demand for local consumption and the interior, with a fair export inquiry, during the week under review. Following are the California Cracker Co.'s rates: Assorted Crackers, 50¢ lb.; Boston do, 60¢; Butter do, 60¢; Oream do, 80¢; Graham do, 70¢; Picnic do, 80¢; do extra, 80¢; Soda do, 40¢; do extra, 60¢; Sausa Olara do, 80¢; Sugar do, 70¢; Water do, 50¢; Oyster do, 70¢; Seed Oats, 10¢; Jenny Lind do, 80¢; Ginger Nuts, 10¢; Congress Cakes, 20¢; Albert Biscuits, 18¢; Excelsior do, 10¢; La Grand do, 80¢; Medalion do, 10¢; Milk do, 80¢; do fancy, 80¢; Ni Nu Nao do, 10¢; Overland do, 80¢; Pearl do, 10¢; Wafer do, 80¢; Wine do, 80¢; Ship do, 80¢; Pilot Bread, 40¢; do extra, 50¢; Saloon Pilot, 80¢; Ginger Cakes, 80¢; Lemon do, 90¢.

FLOUR—The local trade has continued up to the average,

while for export a moderate demand only has existed.

Quotations are unchanged since our last weekly review.

Sales embryo 5000 lbs. California extra, 3000 lbs Oregon do, 3000 lbs. Sacramento superfine, partly for export, partly

for local consumption.

WHEAT—The market has remained quiet, with light offerings, at unchanged rates, during the past week.

Sales aggregate about 40,000 lbs ordinary to choice at \$1.70

and \$1.80. Quotable at the close at \$1.80 for shipping and

\$1.82 for choice milling \$1.10 lbs. The Liverpool market, as last telegraphed, was 5s 5d/gills do for average and 5s 10d/gills do for choice.

BARLEY—The market has continued fair, at unchanged rates, since our last weekly review.

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